

THE

UNIVERSAL PASSION.

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To the RIGHT HONOURABLE
Sir SPENCER COMPTON.

-----*Tanto major Famæ sitis est, quàm
Virtutis.* Juv. Sat. 10.



L O N D O N:
Printed for J. ROBERTS in *Warwick-Lane.*
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Printed by J. R. Smith, at the
Printers, No. 10, St. Paul's Church-Yard.



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S A T I R E IV.



ROUND some fair tree th' ambitious Wood-
bine grows,
And breathes her sweets on the supporting
boughs;

So sweet the Verse, th' ambitious verse should be,
(O! pardon mine) that hopes support from Thee,
Thee, *Compton*, born o'er Senates to preside,
Their Dignity to raise, their Councils guide;
Deep to discern, and widely to survey,
And Kingdoms fates, without ambition, weigh;
Of distant Virtues nice extreams to blend,
The Crown's Asserter, and the People's Friend:

B

Nor

Nor dost thou scorn, amid sublimer views,
 To listen to the labours of the muse;
 Thy Smiles *protect* her, while thy Talents *fire*,
 And 'tis but half thy glory to Inspire.

Vext at a publick fame so justly won,
 The jealous *Chremes* is with spleen undone.
Chremes, for airy pensions of renown,
 Devotes his service to the State, and Crown;
 All schemes he knows, and knowing, all improves,
 Tho' *Britain's* thankless, still this Patriot loves;
 But patriots differ, some may shed their blood,
 He drinks his coffee for the publick good,
 Consults the sacred steam, and there foresees
 What storms, or sunshine Providence decrees,
 Knows for each day the weather of our fate.
 A *Quid-nunc* is an Almanack of state.

You smile, and think this Statesman void of use,
 Why may not time his secret worth produce?
 Since Apes can roast the choice *castanian nut*,
 Since Steeds of genius are expert at *Put*,

Since

Since half the Senate *not content* can say,
Geese nations save, and Puppies plots betray.

What makes him model Realms, and counsel Kings?
An incapacity for smaller things.

Poor *Chremes* can't conduct his own estate,
And thence has undertaken *Europe's* fate.

Gebemo leaves the realm to *Chremes's* skill,
And boldly claims a province higher still.
To raise a name, th' ambitious boy has got
At once a Bible, and a Shoulder-knot;
Deep in the secret, he looks thro' the whole,
And pities the dull rogue that saves his Soul;
To talk with reverence you must take good heed,
Nor shock his *tender reason* with the Creed.
How-e'er, well-bred, in publick he complies,
Obliging friends alone with blasphemies.

Peerage is poyson, good estates are bad
For this disease; poor rogues run seldom mad.
Have not Attainders brought unhop'd relief,
And falling Stocks quite cur'd an unbelief?

While the sun shines *Blunt* talks with wond'rous force;
 But Thunder marrs small beer, and weak discourse.
 Such useful Instruments the weather show,
 Just as their Mercury is high or low.

Health chiefly keeps an atheist in the dark;
 A Fever argues better than a *Clarke*;
 Let but the Logick in his pulse decay,
 The *Grecian* he'll renounce, and learn to pray,
 While C—— mourns with an unfeigned zeal
 Th' apostate youth, who reason'd *once* so well.

C—— who makes so merry with the creed,
 He almost thinks he disbelieves indeed;
 But only thinks so; to give both their due,
Satan, and he Believe, and Tremble too.

Narcissus the Tartarian Club disclaims,
 Nay, a Free-mason with some Terror names,
 Omits no duty, nor can *Envy* say
 He mis'd these many years the Church, or Play;
 He makes no noise in Parliament, 'tis true,
 But pays his Debts, and Visit, when 'tis due;

His Character, and Gloves are ever clean,
 And then, he can outbow the *bowing Dean*;
 A smile eternal on his lip he wears,
 Which equally the wise, and worthless shares.
 In gay fatigues this most undaunted Chief
 Patient of Idleness beyond belief,
 Most charitably lends the town his face
 For ornament, in every publick place;
 As sure as Cards he to the Assembly comes,
 And is the furniture of drawing-rooms.
 When *Ombre* calls, his hand, and heart are free,
 And, joyn'd to Two, he fails not — to make Three.

Narcissus is the glory of his race:
 For who does Nothing with a better grace?

To deck my List, by nature were design'd
 Such shining Expletives of human kind,
 Who want, while thro' blank life they dream along,
 Sense to be right, and Passion to be wrong.

To counterpoise this Hero of the mode,
 Some for renown are singular, and odd;

What other men dislike is sure to please
 Of all mankind these dear Antipodes;
 Thro' pride, not malice, they run counter still,
 And Birth-days are their days of dressing ill.

Arb—*t* is a fool, and *F*— a sage,
S—*ly* will fright you, *E*— engage,
 By nature streams run backward, flame descends,
 Stones mount, and *S*—*x* is the worst of friends.

They take their rest by day, and wake by night,
 And blush, if you surprize them in the right,
 If they by chance blurt out, ere well aware,
 A Swan is white, or *Q*—*y* is fair.

Nothing exceeds in ridicule, no doubt,
 A fool in fashion, but a fool that's out;
 His passion for absurdity's so strong,
 He cannot bear a Rival in the wrong.
 Tho' wrong the mode, comply; more sense is shewn
 In wearing other's follies, than your own.
 If what is out of fashion most you prize,
 Methinks you should endeavour to be wise.

But

But what in oddness can be more Sublime
 Than S——, the foremost Toyman of his time?
 His nice ambition lyes in curious fancies,
 His daughter's portion a rich shell inhances,
 And *Ashmole's* Baby-house is, in his view,
Britannia's golden mine, a rich *Peru*!
 How his eyes languish! how his thoughts adore
 That painted coat which *Joseph* never wore?
 He shews on Holidays a sacred pin,
 That toucht the ruff, that toucht Queen *Be'ss's* chin.

“ Since that great dearth our *Chronicles* deplore,
 “ Since the great plague that swept as many more,
 “ Was ever year unblest as this? ” he'll cry,
 “ It has not brought us one new butterfly!
 In times that suffer such learn'd men as these,
 Unhappy I——y! how came you to please?

Not gawdy butterflies are *Lico's* game;
 But, in effect, his chace is much the same.

Warm in pursuit, he Levées all the great,
 Stanch to the foot of Title, and Estate.
 Where-e'er their *Lordships* go, they never find,
 Or *Lico*, or their shadows lagg behind;
 He sets them sure, where-e'er their *Lords* run,
 Close at their elbows, as a morning-dun;
 As if their grandeur by contagion wrought,
 And Fame was, like a Fever, to be caught:
 But after seven years dance from place to place,
 The * *Dane* is more familiar with his Grace.

Who'd be a Crutch to prop a rotten peer;
 Or living Pendant, dangling at his ear,
 For ever whisp'ring secrets, which were blown
 For months before by trumpets thro' the town?
 Who'd be a Glass with flattering grimace
 Still to reflect the temper of his face;
 Or happy Pin to stick upon his sleeve,
 When my Lord's gracious, and vouchsafes it leave;
 Or Cushion, when his heaviness shall please
 To loll, or thump it for his better ease;
 Or a vile Butt, for noon, or night bespoke,
 When the peer rashly swears he'll club his joke?

Who'd

* A danish Dog.

Who'd shake with laughter, tho' he cou'd not find
 His Lordship's jest, or, if his nose broke wind,
 For blessings to the Gods profoundly bow,
 That can cry Chimney-sweep, or drive a Plough?
 With terms like these how mean the Tribe that close?
 Scarce meaner They, who terms, like these, impose.

But what's the tribe most likely to comply?
 The men of ink, or antient authors lye,
 The writing tribe, who shameless auctions hold
 Of praise, by inch of candle to be sold;
 All men they flatter, but themselves the most
 With deathless fame, their everlasting boast:
 For Fame no cully makes so much her jest,
 As her old, constant spark, the bard profess.
 " *B——le* shines in council, *M——t* in the fight,
 " *P——l——m*'s magnificent; but I can write,
 " And what to my great soul like glory dear? "
 'Till some God whispers in his tingling ear,
 That fame's unwholesome taken without meat,
 And life is best sustain'd by what is eat.

Grown Lean, and Wife, he curses what he writ,
And wishes all his wants were in his wit.

Ah! what avails it, when his dinner's lost,
That his triumphant name adorns a post?
Or that his shining page (provoking fate!)
Defends Sirloyns, which sons of dullness eat?

What foe to verse without compassion hears?
What cruel Prose-man can refrain from tears?
When the poor muse for less than half a crown
A prostitute on every bulk in town,
With other whores undone, tho' not in print,
Clubs credit for *Geneva* in the *Mint*?

Ye bards! why will you sing, tho' uninspir'd?
Ye bards! why will you starve to be admir'd?
Defunct by *Phæbus*' laws beyond redress,
Why will your spectres haunt the frightened prefs?
Bad metre, that Excrecence of the head,
Like hair, will sprout, altho' the poet's dead.

All other trades demand, Verse-makers beg;
A Dedication is a wooden leg,
And barren *Labeo*, the true Mumper's fashion,
Exposes borrow'd brats to move compassion.

Tho'

Tho' such my self, vile bards I discommend,
Nay more, tho' gentle *Damon* is my friend.

"Is't then a crime to write?" ——— if talents rare
Proclaim the God, the crime is to forbear;
For some, tho' few, there are large-minded men,
Who watch unseen the labours of the pen,
Who know the muse's worth, and therefore court,
Their deeds her theme, their bounty her support,
Who serve unask'd the least pretence to wit;
My sole excuse, alas! for having writ.

Will *H——t* pardon, if I dare commend
H——t, with zeal a patron, and a friend?

A——le true wit is studious to restore,
And *D——t* smiles, if *Phæbus* smil'd before,
P——ke in years the long-lov'd arts admires,
And *Henrietta* like a muse inspires.

But ah! not *inspiration* can obtain
That Fame, which poets languish for in vain.
How mad their aim? who thirst for glory, strive
To grasp what no man can possess alive.
No living glory will Detraction spare,
The man must die, who makes full fame his care.

Fame's

Fame's a reversion in which men take place
 (O late reversion!) at their own decease.
 This truth sagacious *Lintot* knows so well,
 He starves his authors, that their works may sell.

That fame is wealth, fantastick poets cry;
 That wealth is fame, another *Clan* reply;
 Who know no guilt, no scandal but in rags,
 And swell in just proportion to their bags.
 Nor only the low-born, deform'd, and old
 Think glory nothing but the beams of gold,
 The first young lord, which in the Mall you meet,
 Shall match the veriest Huncks in *Lombard-street*,
 From rescu'd candle's ends who rais'd a fum,
 And starves to join a Penny to a Plumb.
 A beardless miser? 'tis a guilt unknown
 To former times, a scandal all our own.

Of ardent lovers, the true modern band
 Will mortgage *Celia* to redeem their land.
 For love, young, noble, rich *Castalio* dies;
 Name but the fair, love swells into his eyes.

Divine *Monimia*, thy fond fears lay down;
No rival can prevail, but ——— half a Crown.

He glories to late times to be convey'd,
Not for the poor he has reliev'd, but made.
Not such ambition his great fathers fir'd,
When *Harry* conquer'd, and half *France* expir'd,
He'd be a slave, a pimp, a dog for gain,
Nay, a dull Sheriff for his golden chain.

“ Who'd be a slave ? ” the gallant Colonel cries,
While love of glory sparkles from his eyes.
To deathless fame he loudly pleads his right, ———
Just is his title, for I will not fight:
But, when indulging on the last campaign,
His lofty terms climb o'er the hills of slain,
He gives the foes he slew, at each vain word,
A sweet revenge, and half-absolves his sword.

Of Boasting more than of a Bomb afraid,
A Soldier should be modest, as a Maid:
Fame is a bubble the Reserv'd enjoy,
Who strive to grasp it, as they touch, destroy:

'Tis the world's debt to deeds of high degree;
But if you pay your self, the world is free.

Were there no tongue to speak them but his own,
Augustus' Deeds in arms had ne'er been known,
Augustus' Deeds; if that ambiguous name
Confounds my reader, and misguides his aim,
Such is the Prince's worth, of whom I speak,
The *Roman* would not blush at the mistake,

F I N I S.

